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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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WINDOW GARDENS.

For the illustrations given with this article we are indebted to Mr James Vick, of Rochester, the well-known seedsman and florist They give a good idea of what may be accomplished by the use of very simple means in the way of beautifying a sitting-room or parlor window. As for the best plants to use, a writer in the *Christian Union* gives the following excellent advice.

Sunshine is an article that can't be manufactured, and without a liberal quantity of it almost all plants will languish. What can be done then? What shall be done in the many windows lacking sunshine, pitiable with their solemn array of weak, sickly, consumptive-looking plants? Give them up. Cease doctoring the old incurables. Begin to cultivate what will succeed.

Cultivate vines at the windows. Strive to produce leaves rather than flowers, and depend on foliage and its grouping for pleasing effects. There is that graceful runner, the Madeira vine. Start a plot of it in each corner of the window-sill. Let the vines run up on strings meeting in the centre of the frame above. You have the outlines of a pyramid that you can fill up very prettily. Suspend from the apex what I call a nursery pot—a hanging pot with a little of several things in it. Put in a little "money" (I mean the plant, for the genuine you will need these hard times,) a bit of Wandering Jew, one of the hardier members of the coleus family, and then add Dusty Miller. The latter will look out of the foliage like the whitened head of the original as he stands among his flour barrels in the mill. Hang another pot below filled up in the same way Indeed, put in as many as you can tastily.

On the window-sill below range a file of *Flora's knights, anything pretty for its leaves.* Put there a sweet-scented geranium. Begonias are pretty for leaf effect, and are reasonably sure to blossom without large doses of sunshine to stimulate them. Your fuchsia won't be likely to flower, but it will run and its drooping branches will have all the effect of vines. You may do something with the periwinkle (*vinca minor*) and with some of the tougher foliage plants (*coleus*). It will be easy though to secure a bushy base for your pyramid. An ivy going about and over the window will make a rich frame for this pretty picture while as the side-tendrils of the Madeira vine shoot out you can swing them in festoons across the window

A lady who has great success with house-plants arranges her plants as follows

"A bay-window with an easterly and southeasterly exposure constitutes her conservatory. A large box supported on iron brackets at the centre window of the bay is filled with geraniums Shelves, also on iron brackets, are at the two side windows, upon which pots of plants stand A firm bracket on each side of the arch of the window holds a pot with a trailing vine Four-armed bronze pot brackets are screwed into the wall just above these, and can be turned to or from the light at pleasure. A rustic basket is to hang from the centre of the arch, while a wire flower-stand on rollers will find its position in the window or can be moved away if occasion requires."

Giving the result of her experience in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* for the benefit of others, she says

"The first thing is the window. I do not expect very much return from my labor, unless I can have sunlight upon my plants during at least a considerable part of the day. For the best results a window with a south or south-east exposure is necessary

"I bring the garden plants that I propose to carry through the winter under cover early, lest the frost may surprise me some of these fine nights. The plants taken from the beds have of course, to be put in pots or boxes, and some of the plants that have been in pots must be repotted. I do not repot them unless it is likely that the soil is worn out In repotting I use good leaf mould well mixed with sand, putting more sand in proportion for vines than for the harder-wooded plants. I prefer the common, unglazed earthen pot, because it is porous, and gives the roots a chance to breathe, as well as prevents the water from settling down and rotting them To attain this latter result also, coarse gravel should be put in the bottom of the pots, covering thorough under drainage.

"I sometimes put different varieties of the same species of plant in the same pot, making more varieties in a hanging basket than elsewhere; but I do not mix the species in this manner If that is done the stronger plant absorbs part of the life of the weaker one, but neither thrive as well as when kept separate.

I have never found that it was safe to allow the pots to stand on the floor, The fire may go out, or an extraordinary cold snap may come, and then they will be almost sure to freeze. The higher stratum of air is so much warmer, that usually there is no danger if the plants do not stand directly on the floor.

"I find it necessary for the most thrifty growth of my plants, that they should be watered regularly, the intervals will of course vary with the habits of the plants. I prefer, when it is practicable, to set the pots in water, and let them absorb the moisture rather than to pour water upon them. The water should not be cold, slightly tepid water is better The leaves of the plants I try to keep clean, that is simply keeping their lungs open, and they will not thrive much without that

"I find that if I want to keep my plants shapely, they must not always stand in the same position, but must be turned, now this side and now that, to the light."

A YOUNG GORILLA

Mr Walker purchased from a native a five healthy male Gorilla, apparently about two years of age, and shipped it for England Being under the impression that he had taken too much care of all the other living ones which he had obtained at different times, he determined to let the new acquisition have its own way, and only take care that it did no mischief. When purchased, the animal was by no means strange or spiteful, but rather what may be termed shy, and suspicious of strangers. At the expiration of about a week, however, it became sufficiently tame and confiding to admit of its being allowed to run about loose, and to do as it liked At the same time its food, instead of being confined to the fruits on which it is supposed to feed in its wild state, consisted in general fragments from the table, and besides these it had anything edible it could lay its hands on, and occasionally a basin of condensed milk and a raw egg beaten up in it was given It liked ananoman fruit, but this produced diarrhœa, which had to be treated with chlorodyne and raw egg. Finding that the animal became restive, it was left entirely to its own devices and especially as every one in the ship was at the same time as very busy as not to be able to pay much attention to it It soon became quite at home, alternately eating, sleeping, and playing with a large bull-terrier (of by no means the most amiable disposition), which had a most decided dislike to negroes, but nevertheless took very kindly to the Gorilla, so that the two animals became constant playfellows. By allowing the Gorilla to rough it, instead of watching it and appointing some one to take care of it, in which case these animals become so much attached to their keeper or attendant, that a separation from him almost invariably causes these affectionate Apes to pine away and die, and by habituating it to such food as is generally to be found on shipboard, it was hoped that it might be brought to England. But accidents will happen, even to Gorillas. It came down to dinner one day, and ate scraps with the dog, and went to sleep. When looked for some hours afterwards, it was missing, and must have fallen off the taffrail into the sea.. Strangely enough this young one was not given to climbing It will be noticed that these remarks are totally at variance with those of M. Du Chaillu, wh. was impressed with the untamable character of the gorilla, so we must wait until further evidence is produced, and probably until a little Gorilla is safely lodged in the Regent's Park. – *From "Cassell's Natural History" for January.*

GREAT WEALTH A GREAT MOCKERY.

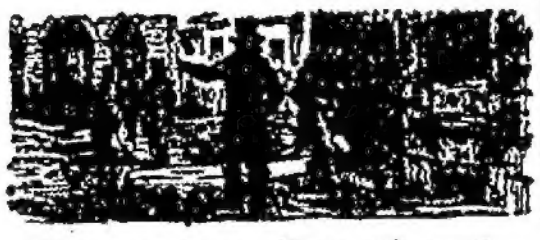
If you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear, decline the investment, or reckon upon a disappointment you will probably find it woolly, almost tasteless, and more like a turnip than a pear We know, for we have made the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown Overgrown fruits never seem to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality In the same manner great wealth, great honor, and great rank, generally turn out to be great shams Besides the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is the inevitable satiety in too much of anything which soon renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet conduit to a position of eminence and splendor There is more flavor in enough than in too much Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention. and his remark is the more practical when we consider how often the fat ox seems of necessity to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting for He chose wisely, who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches" he took the smaller and the sweeter pear After all it is better to have no choice but leave it all with our heavenly Father *Spurgeon*

BEARING RESPONSIBILITY.

How few, comparatively, learn to bear responsibility" Very many hear the command "Go, work to-day in my vineyard" They act as if it meant, "Go into the vineyard and eat the grapes" There are always a large class of people in churches and associations who will do something if they "feel like it" They are not to be depended upon. They are like sponges, always trying to absorb and live on what they enjoy, but rarely ready to deny themselves by giving their service for others They are hunting after enjoyment and miss the sweetest kind, which comes by unselfish devotion to the Lord's work We are reminded of the Dutchman who attended the "big meetings." He thought he was converted. When the meetings were over, his pastor met him on the street, and asked him why he did not come to church, for says he, "it is expected of those you have become a Christian, that you will be faithful. He replied "Has de meetin's commenced again?" "No, says the pastor, but you ought to come to church. "Oh, dat's de little meetin. I belongs to de big meetin I don't join de little meetin There are a great many who belong to the "big meeting." They are on hand when there is an unusual stir, but never learn to bear responsibility in the every-day work If the world is brought to Christ, it must be through the instrumentality of true and persistent devotion to the Lord's work, and not by those who cumber their own ease.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding. PROV. xvii. 28

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness. —PROV. xx. 20.



Temperance Department.

IN FAVOR OF ABSTINENCE.

DR LIVINGSTONE

I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My individual opinion is, that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those of us who have endured the most had nothing else than water, and not always enough of that.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD DACRES

"Since I have become a Teetotaler I have gone through great fatigue in hot climates I have crossed the Atlantic, come here to the Crimea, been exposed to disease and some discomfort, and I have never been sick, or had even a short attack of diarrhœa I ascribe this to water But I am a temperate eater also I never eat animal food more than once a day, no lunch but a piece of biscuit I am also a very early man All these things combined, enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many men ten or fifteen years younger What I began with as an example, I now continue, as I consider I am much better without wine, beer, &c., both in a religious and worldly point of view; and I shall continue as I am, please God, to my life's end."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

How far it may be enjoined in the Scriptures I will not take upon me to say, but this may be asserted, that if the utmost benefit to the individual and the most extensive benefit to society serve to mark any institution as of heaven, that of Abstinence may be reckoned among the foremost."

GENERAL SIR W F WILLIAMS THE HERO OF KARS

"I am indebted to a gracious Providence for preservation in very unhealthy climates but I am satisfied that a resolution early formed and steadily persevered in never to take spirituous liquors has been a means of my escaping diseases by which multitudes have fallen around me Had not the Turkish army of Kars been literally a cold water army I am persuaded they never would have performed the achievements which crowned them with glory"

RICHARD COBDEN

"Nobody has more faith than I have in the truth of the Teetotal doctrine, both in a physical and moral point of view I have acted upon the principle that fermented and distilled drinks are useless for sustaining strength, and the more work I have had to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and teapot As for the moral bearing of the question, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all other reforms together would fail to confer as great blessing upon the masses as that of weaning them from intoxicating drinks"

WILLIAM CAREY

In the midst of a society where ardent spirits are considered of a little more value than water, I have lived two years without either, and with no other drink than water except when I found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness, not a headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning have I known during those two famous years of my life

"THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND"

When in India I had more than once heard and read of Miss Sarah Robinson and her work amongst our soldiers, and had resolved that if I lived to return to England I would inquire more particularly into the matter. One pleasant summer day last year, at a watering place on the south of England, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of attending one of Miss Robinson's meetings It wasn't by any means a large meeting There were from forty to fifty ladies and four gentlemen, three being clergymen and myself the fourth

When Miss Robinson was introduced to the meeting I saw a pale, slight, sickly-looking woman, her frame evidently enfeebled by illness and her face marked with those unmistakable lines which tell of protracted suffering At first sight of her most people would probably have thought Surely this is not a person who can have done any great work but the light in her eye when she stood up to speak giving token of the fire of an enthusiasm burning within would probably have caused them to change their opinion

I do not think I ever heard anything more interesting more affecting and more instructive than her speech She told us what led her to undertake the work—spoke of her discouragements, her difficulties, her encouragements, and her final success Residing in Portsmouth for the purpose of doing what she could for soldiers, her spirit like Paul's at Athens, was moved from day to day when she saw the evils by which she was surrounded She found that Portsmouth, so far as the soldiers and sailors were concerned, was wholly given to drink She described one short street in the town, in which there are no fewer than fourteen liquor shops, nine of these being in a row without any intervening house She told us of other places also—dens of iniquity, where other allurements to catch the men are superadded to those of drink And, while the temptations and snares so abounded, at that time, there was not in all Portsmouth a single house to which a soldier desiring to maintain his self-respect and to keep himself sober, could go for quiet reading or writing or amusement Worse still, she saw there was not a lodging in all that large city in which a respectable soldier's wife could pass the night, and to which she could take her children So great was the prejudice against soldiers and their wives, and so firmly rooted the impression that it was impossible to be respectable in the ranks of the army, that all decent lodging-houses were closed against them. She told us that she had known, not one or two, but dozens of instances where the wives of soldiers had preferred to walk the streets the whole night, or had taken shelter under railway arches, or in rooms of half-finished houses, rather than go to the only lodgings into which they would be received.

Then she gave us an account of the arrival of troop ships from foreign stations, and the scenes that too frequently, or indeed invariably, follow in the streets of Portsmouth.

The regiments coming home from foreign service usually bring a good deal of money with them A regiment will seldom have less than £3,000, generally more one regiment that came from Abyssinia had eight or nine thousand pounds Within a few days all this money is spent in Portsmouth in drink and debauchery. Too often the best men in the regiment succumb to the manifold temptations to which they are exposed, characters and good-conduct stripes, the rewards of the good behavior of years, are recklessly lost in the saturnalia of the first few days after landing in England. The regiment as a body, is temporarily demoralized, and requires weeks of discipline before it can recover from the effects of the riot. But while the regiment may and does recover, there are many individuals who do not recover, and who date their rapid ruin from their landing from service abroad, on the shores of their own country.

These things pressed upon her mind so heavily that, at last, she felt something *must* be done, and that, if no one else would undertake it, she would herself *No one* gave her any encouragement, on the contrary, every one, including those most favorable to the object she had in view, said that "her scheme was chimerical. In other places, they said, it might succeed, but in Portsmouth never The evil was too great, the opposition from those interested in maintaining the *status quo* would be too powerful, it would not be fair, hardly honest, towards the public to give money for an attempt which must certainly fail." So, however, thought not Miss Robinson Nothing daunted, she set herself to work, first, to devise and think out in its details a scheme for a Soldiers' Home at Portsmouth, and then to give it an existence. When she laid her proposal before the army authorities, they consented to grant a piece of land for a site, and to supply the stone required for the building This was conceded at first unconditionally Afterwards, however, Government took alarm when it became known that Miss Robinson proposed that there should be religious teaching and services in her institution. It was represented that, unless the Government was prepared to give an equal advantage to Roman Catholic soldiers, and to assist to the same extent in providing a home for them, it might be accused of partiality and a departure from the great principle of toleration and equal favor to all denominations. Miss Robinson was, therefore, informed that the one condition upon which the grant would be made was, that the Bible should be excluded from the institution. To this she would not consent, and, in consequence, gave up the offered assistance from Government and appealed to the public. In a short time she had raised £13,000, had purchased a house, and adapted it to her purpose, and had opened the "Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute."

At the conclusion of the address I went up and introduced myself to Miss Robinson, as an officer much interested in her work and in the account she had given of it. I was invited to come to Portsmouth, and see the Institute and judge for myself This I was able to do a few days afterwards, and I will now endeavor briefly to relate what I saw there

The Institute is situated in one of the main thoroughfares of Portsmouth, and near the Infantry Barracks The house, or rather a part of it, was formerly the Fountain Hotel. Two adjoining houses were subsequently acquired communications were opened so as to throw them all into one, and the whole was fitted up, furnished and adapted for the use of the soldiers I was shown over the place by Mr Tufnell, the intelligent superintendent, who has been an invaluable aid to Miss Robinson, and who takes an immense interest in the work. On the ground floor there are a reception room, where soldiers can receive their friends and relatives, both male and female—a kitchen where all the cooking is carried on—a bar where every kind of wholesome food and non-intoxicating drinks can be had at moderate prices, neatly and cleanly served—two billiard rooms, with excellent tables, one for the non-commissioned officers, and the other for the privates." In regard to these I may mention that every one who plays must pay the charge is a penny a game to each player The accumulated pennies received during the first year have been sufficient to pay the cost of the tables, and to provide other games Betting at any game is strictly prohibited, and cards are not allowed. A comfortable smoking-room completes the accommodation on the ground floor. Up-stairs are Miss Robinson's apartments, where she lives at her own expense, and a large airy reading-room, well supplied with papers, periodicals, and books, at one end of the room is a long table, upon which, at intervals, are blotting books and inkstands, where soldiers can write letters to their friends, pens are provided gratis, I think, but they must find their own paper and stamps. This room is extremely comfortable, and, as may be supposed, is a popular resort, especially on a cold or wet day. Then there is a room which is used for sewing classes and mothers' meetings, for the women.

In a retired part of the building there is the Bible-class room, well provided with religious publications, and there a religious meeting is held daily, conducted usually by an officer or some competent person, and sometimes by Miss Robinson herself. A notice of the meetings to be held during the week is posted up in several conspicuous places about the house. There is a suite of apartments intended for officers and their families, where they can be lodged and boarded quite as comfortably, and certainly more economically, than in any hotel, if they can make up their minds to do without wine or beer, for no relaxation is permitted of the rule which excludes all fermented liquors from every part of the Institute. The attics are devoted to dormitories and bath-rooms for soldiers and soldiers' families, and very clean and inviting they looked. In each bedroom there is washing apparatus and plenty of soap and fresh water.

Here a soldier on leave can find a clean and comfortable lodging for a night, or for as long as he likes, at a very moderate cost; and here the soldiers in garrisons can bring their wives, or mothers, or sisters, or any female relation who may pay them a visit. But, as may readily be surmised, the accommodation for these purposes is very limited, and Miss Robinson has on hand a scheme for providing a set of lodging-houses to accommodate the female relations of soldiers who come to Portsmouth, as well as to take in those families of soldiers in the garrison for whom the Government provision is inadequate. Money only is wanted to bring this project to maturity. At the back of the Institute there is a large grass-plot, which has been converted into a bowling-green, at one side of this there is a skittle-alley, and at the end of it there is a large hall that can hold upwards of eight hundred people, where lectures, concerts, and penny-readings are given, and public meetings are held.

Thus it will be seen that the Institute is very complete. It is, in fact, a well-ordered and economical club for soldiers, where they can spend their days and their evenings in quiet and comfort, with choice of rational amusements and intellectual pursuits, and where they are safe from the temptations to drunkenness and debauchery that are so abundantly and alluringly set forth for them in Portsmouth.

I was greatly struck with the evidence of practical good sense that pervades all the arrangements of the place. There is no show and no glitter, but everything about it, the furnishing of the rooms, the selection of the books and papers, the amusements, the arrangements of the bar, the rules of the house, all seem to show a complete understanding of the wants and ways and tastes of soldiers, and a strong common sense in dealing with them. Miss Robinson lays great stress upon teetotalism, and considers it to be a powerful instrument for the preservation of soldiers from all sorts of evil. It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Robinson's principal object in all her works is to win recruits to the service of her Divine Master, but her endeavours after this are put forward in a broad and sympathetic spirit, and are observable mainly in their results The spirit of the whole is thoroughly catholic all are welcome to come no matter what their creed or their denomination, the only condition imposed is, that every one who comes shall conduct himself with common propriety, and this condition is always fulfilled, and the soldiers themselves are the first to insist upon its observance.

At the end of the first year, that is, in September, 1875, no less than 2,740 soldiers or soldiers' relations and friends had received a night's lodging in the Institute, and the daily average number of men using the house was 160. Although, as above stated, teetotalism was not pressed upon any one, 195 men entered their names in a book kept in the bar for those who wished to take the pledge. There were 63 members of the mothers' meeting and sewing class, and 110 members of the children's Wednesday meeting.

On the arrival and departure of troop-ships, the house was frequently filled with the families of soldiers, a large proportion of these being Irish Roman Catholics and nearly destitute. Stores of books and papers were sent on board the ships for the use of troops embarking on foreign service, and agents from the Institute went on board the troop-ships that arrived at Portsmouth, and invited the men to go there when they landed instead of to the grog-shops.—*Colonel H D. Taylor, in Sunday Magazine.*

TEA OR TODDY.—Dr. Francis writes to the *Lancet* "May I be allowed to add my testimony in favor of cold tea as a beverage in all sporting and other excursions requiring sustained physical vigor A few years ago, at the commencement of the hot season, I accompanied a civilian (a well-known Nimrod in that part of India) on a tiger-shooting expedition, extending over three weeks, in the Terai forest, at the foot of the Himalayas. My friend, a man of keen nervous temperament, and in excellent health, had been recommended to always drink bottled bitter beer twice a day—at luncheon and at dinner—and he continued this practice in the forest I drank nothing but cold tea throughout our trip Every evening, shortly after dinner, my companion 'turned in' quite exhausted; whilst I withdrew to my own tent (we had our meals in his) and read or wrote, quite fresh, till midnight, rising at five the next morning, ready for another day's exertion I could adduce from my own experience, extending over many years in a tropical climate, several other instances, showing that tea, where it is not contra-indicated, is, in moderation, one of the best beverages, if not *the* very best, we possess for assuaging thirst and maintaining nervous energy; its use not being followed, moreover, by the depression which, as a rule, succeeds that of alcoholic stimulants."

THE EVIL OF A PUBLIC PECUNIARY INTEREST IN THE DRINK TRAFFIC.—A clergyman, who had labored several years as a missionary in the island of Ceylon, spoke of a very severe injury which the work had suffered by the introduction of the practice of fermenting the juice of the Palmyra tree "Formerly," he said, "this practice was not usual in the district in which I was located, but as a duty is levied on the fermented article, the Government officers have persuaded the natives to ferment the juice on the ground that it would yield a better profit, and I am sorry to say that it is making sad work amongst our people" There was a case in which the duty upon intoxicating drink, so far from operating as a restraint, was actually the direct means of promoting its manufacture and consumption.—*Alliance News.*

— According to the London correspondent of the *South Wales Daily News* alcohol is going out of fashion with medical men, and milk is taking its place. That eminent physician, Dr. George Johnson, has discovered that an exclusive milk diet has a most remarkably curative effect upon persons suffering from Bright's disease. There seems some little doubt as to whether the milk should be skimmed or unskimmed, Dr. Johnson preferring the latter, Dr. Dunlin the former.

— Neal Dow favors more stringent penalties against the sale of liquors in Maine. He says the steps taken to diminish this traffic in other States have erred in making the punishment so trifling that the liquor dealers laugh at it. The political influence of the saloons often suffices to paralyze the hands of justice General public sentiment has but little to do in really retarding prohibitive legislation. The true obstacle is the hold that the liquor interest has upon the average politician.

— Vermont's new liquor law hit the nail on the head, providing that *every* place where liquor is sold as a beverage shall be declared a "common nuisance," and the keeper shall be fined $200 or less, besides being forbidden to re-occupy the premises until he gives bonds not to offend again. We do not know how common in the Green Mountain State the "nuisance" referred to is, but wherever the grog-shop exists, it is, in the strictest meaning of the term, a "nuisance," and the State has a clear right summarily to abate it.

HOW TO NURSE THE SICK.

There was a righteous outcry raised recently because a scientific man suggested the advisability of taking steps to hasten the departure of those whose recovery is considered hopeless. It is, however, much to be feared that ignorant nurses do gradually and unconsciously what clever men are not allowed to speak of, and that the return to health of numberless patients is either rendered hopeless or postponed indefinitely for want of proper and intelligent nursing

Things are mending. Mrs Gamp and her tribe are being slowly improved from the face of the civilized world. But there is still a wonderful amount of ignorance and carelessness about nursing, both among professed nurses and tolerably educated women; and the sooner these can be removed the better it will be for the sick, both among the poor and the rich.

The nurse should always follow closely the orders of the medical man, if one be in attendance. If any cause should arise to doubt his competency to deal with the case, the best thing to do is to tell him so politely, either by word or by letter, and try other means; but as long as he is attending a patient, his advice ought to be closely followed. Some persons seem to think that the visits of the doctor have a charm about them which may prove beneficial, but that the advice is merely mentioned in the course of conversation, and need not be thought about again. Others call him in to act as a sort of safeguard to prevent things going wrong, and then try all sorts of experiments on their own account. Both these courses are equally foolish as a matter of policy, and equally unjust to the doctor.

There is no one thing of which the majority of people, especially among the poor and ignorant, seem to have such a dread of as fresh air. They confound it with cold air, and to use the language of one of them, they like "dirt and warmth." It is no exaggeration to say that the efforts of ten women out of every dozen brought into contact with a person suffering from bronchitis or inflammation of the lungs, would be vigorously directed to keep as much fresh air as possible away from him. And yet the patient must breathe air of some kind, and it surely will be better for it to be pure than foul and impure. Of course, draughts are bad, but fresh air does not necessarily consist either of draughts or of cold air The thing to be aimed at is that the impure air should be let out of the room and fresh pure air let in. What is to be avoided is a stream of air blowing upon the patient, and so making him feel chilly and cold.

Excepting in damp and foggy weather, there are very few cases in which it is not safe to allow the window to remain open at the top for about an inch, or even two inches. This alone will do wonders in keeping the room from becoming close. When this is impossible, a ventilator should be introduced into the room. Putting a fire into it alters the atmosphere, and in complaints of the chest and throat it is an excellent plan to have a kettle full of boiling water throwing out its steam into the room to keep the air from getting too dry

While taking measures to prevent the room from getting close, however, it is most important to remember that the patient must at the same time be kept warm This may be effected by means of a sufficiency of light and warm clothing being laid upon the bed, and when necessary putting a warm bottle to the feet All sick people are more likely to be warm in the afternoon and evening than in the morning; and they are never so likely to be chilly as in that hour just before daylight breaks, which is spoken of by old nurses as the "one in which the night dies."

There are a number of small wants and small annoyances experienced by all sick persons which the nurse alone can look after and guard against. Some sick people like the furniture arranged in a particular way, or the medicine put in a certain place, and will become exceedingly annoyed if their wishes are not attended to and remembered. A good nurse will neither forget these little things nor argue against them You cannot argue a sick person into taking a sensible view of things. Get him well, and then he will be as reasonable as ever he was. If you argue the case out now, you will very likely produce no other result than that of fixing the weakness in his mind, making him feverish, and giving him a bad night

While you are very careful not to give way to despondency and low spirits before him, be careful also not to be persistently and determinedly cheerful. It is exceedingly aggravating to a sick person who feels ill, and knows that he is ill, to have the nurse assuring him that he is a great deal better, that this or that little symptom is only fancy, and to hear her telling the doctor that he has slept beautifully, when he has really been tossing about and longing for the morning, while the nurse herself has enjoyed uninterrupted and generous repose

At the same time, carefully avoid the opposite extreme. I have a friend who told me that in one of her illnesses she was attended by a woman who kept on telling her of different instances of similar cases to her own which had ended fatally, and concluded each one by saying, with a deep sigh:

"But we must hope for the best, though we none of us know, with life being so uncertain."

Do not allow yourself, or any one else, to stare at the patient Some people come into a sick-room, and fix their eyes upon the invalid and contemplate him continuously and uninterruptedly, as if he were a curious work of art I have seen this done again and again. The poor victim lies in bed quite helpless, but getting more and more uncomfortable, and the interested friend keeps up a close observation, until one does not know whether to feel amused or cross.

Be careful, too, not to bend over the patient any more than is necessary, and especially not to allow any one to sit upon the bed, or turn it into a table. This is an annoyance to be guarded against when friends are allowed to enter the sick-chamber Two or three hours' discomfort may follow from a few minutes' thoughtlessness.

The difference between a good and an inefficient nurse is shown in nothing so much as in the way they go to work about the food. An inefficient nurse will be talking about it all day, begging the invalid to say if he could not fancy this, that, and the other, suggesting various delicacies, and begging him, above all things, to speak if he wants anything, until he loathes the thought of the food before he sees it; or when, feeling faint, he asks for some refreshment, he finds there is nothing ready, and that it has to be prepared.

Then, when the food is brought the favorable moment has passed, and it is sent down almost untasted, because "the invalid has no appetite"—rather because the nurse has no sense. The true nurse, on the contrary, observes her patient without seeming to do so, seizes the suspicious moment, and has ready some tempting little delicacy, skilfully prepared, which he gladly welcomes, when, if it had been the subject of conversation two or three hours before, he would have rejected it altogether.

Keep everything as still as possible, and do not let any one enter the room if you can prevent it, but let this be arranged away from the patient; and if any one does enter avoid giving utterance to a low and stifled "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" When it is necessary to open the door, do it gently but quickly A prolonged gentle noise will annoy a nervous person far more than a decided one, even though the latter be the louder of the two.

A feather dipped into sweet oil, and promptly applied to the lock the first time the creaking noise is heard, will prevent a good deal of discomfort in that direction.—*Christian Weekly.*

EFFECTIVE HOUSE VENTILATION IN ENGLAND.

It is a remarkable circumstance that we who as a nation, are fonder than our neighbours of field sports and of all pursuits which take us out in the fresh country air, should be nearly as careless as they are in the matter of house ventilation. It is only quite recently that the subject, which has long engaged the attention of medical men, has been thought worthy of consideration by architects and house-builders. Hitherto the chief object that has been sought in the construction of our dwellings has been to make them water-tight and air-tight and when this end has been gained, and not until then, they have been pronounced fit to live in. No doubt, the chief reason why the exclusion instead of the admission of air into our houses has been the point aimed at, is that in this country, with its variable climate and cold winters, warmth is essential to comfort, and it is difficult to combine with the necessary degree of warmth free circulation of air without creating a draught. In all modern houses of any pretension an effort is now made to provide proper means of ventilation, sometimes with success, more often without. The assurances of the most eminent members of the medical profession, coupled with many instances of illness in high quarters, directly traceable to the presence of polluted air—or, what is much the same thing, to the absence of fresh air—have opened people's eyes to the dangers that may lurk unsuspected in a badly-ventilated house.

Statistics may show that the duration of life is longest amongst those whose occupations oblige them to live out of doors men of science may point conclusively that air, to be pure, must be changed, and that the change should amount to at least 2,000 cubic feet per head for persons in health, and about twice that for the sick: and yet there are to be found numbers of persons who, with a knowledge of these facts, are so wedded to old habits, and so unable to divest themselves of the ideas they have been familiarized with from their earliest years, that for fear of "taking cold," or of other frightful consequences which they have been led to believe would follow from the free admission of fresh air into their houses, they will weaken their bodies in health and lessen their chance of recovery in sickness by breathing over and over again the same air unchanged, and therefore unpurified, save by the minute streams which are enabled to make their way through keyholes and crevices which cannot entirely be stopped up. To sit in a room with an open window, except in the very height of summer, would be regarded by such people as an act, if not of madness, at least of the grossest folly Occasionally the necessity of airing an apartment, when the pent-up atmosphere has become more than usually sickly and vault-like, is too obvious to escape notice, and the windows are opened for a brief space, to be tightly closed when anyone enters it. In many old-fashioned houses the sashes do not open at the top, and the vitiated vapors, unable in their natural ascent to escape from above, collect and pollute the air of the room. Sometimes other considerations than those resulting from habit or a desire for warmth influence the inmates. Careful and neat housewives are proud of the appearance of their window curtains, and in order to preserve that appearance will sit with the windows closed, lest the damp air should take the stiffening out, content to sacrifice their health to the look of their rooms. The impression that the night air is injurious is so widely spread that it would seem hopeless to attempt to eradicate it, just as if all air, whether outside or inside a house, was not night air at one time during the twenty-four hours, the only difference being that the outside air is pure and the inside air mostly impure. Dr. Longhurst, in an able letter addressed some time since to the *Echo*, has some very pointed remarks upon the custom of shutting out the external atmosphere at night. He says:—"A more general belief in the necessity for breathing fresh air, not in the daytime only, but also at night, is very essential; and I am persuaded that in all bedrooms of fair size, where the bed is not too close to the window, an inch or so of the upper sash should be left open at night, in order that the respiratory changes intended by nature to go on equally during sleep as in the daytime should be freely and efficiently carried on. And, important as is this provision for the supply of fresh air in time of health, how much more imperative does it become during sickness, when enfeebled nature is combating disease; yet, in the course of my professional career, I have not unfrequently found the window of the sick chamber closed for days together, the sufferer and attendants being literally poisoned for want of fresh and pure air, and in complete disregard of the fact that, if we cannot live with fresh air, we shall certainly die without it." The poor are the greatest sinners in this respect of any. True, there is some excuse for them Fresh air they know they can have in abundance all day long, warmth, which is necessary to comfort, and, it may equally be added, to health, they can get in no way so cheaply and so easily as by excluding the cold air, and so long as this is the case they will continue their present habits, nor can we entirely blame them. But that educated people, people who have the means to cloth and feed themselves well, should wilfully disregard the most elementary of sanitary laws, appears incredible. Some time ago a gentleman of the name of Tobin introduced a system of ventilation on the principle of the church window valve, by means of vertical pipes communicating with the external atmosphere, whereby the air of a room could be constantly changed, and so kept pure, without creating a draught. The system has been tried in some of our law courts—places which of all others are, as a rule, the worst ventilated in the country—with complete success. We have ourselves observed the effect of one of Tobin's pipes placed in a room looking upon Fleet-street, where, in consequence of the noise of the traffic, the windows were double and were never opened, and can testify to the purity and apparent freshness of the air at all times of the day, and to the entire absence of draughts. —*English Papers.*

TEMPERED GLASS.—An English daily paper says:—"A well-known lady has published an account of how, having furnished twelve gas-burners with tempered glass globes, with the 'unalterable label' of M. [illegible] attached to them, two of these globes were fitted with burners in a bedroom, and one night one of the spheres literally 'went off' with a loud report exactly an hour after the gas had been extinguished. The glass fell in fragments on the floor, leaving the bottom rim still intact on the burner. The pieces when picked up in a cold state were some two or three inches long and an inch wide, but they continued in the most inexplicable perverse and malicious manner, to split themselves up and subdivide into smaller and smaller bits, each act of disruption being accompanied by a slight report, until at length there was not a fragment left larger than a hazel nut The majority of the particles were about the bigness of peas, and were crystalloid in form Ere morning dawned the rim of the globe, apparently disgusted with its solitary elevation, broke itself up, and tumbled, as erst did humpty-dumpty, on the carpet; but no reason is given why the other globes should have refrained from taking part in the self-destructive proceedings of its companions. Since publicity was given to this remarkable occurrence in a bedroom another experience of toughened glass has been made known. A housekeeper purchased six tumblers from a London manufacturer Five of them are still perfect, and are as clear and well made as any glasses can be, but the sixth, when having nothing but cold water in it, 'crumbled to pieces like small diamonds.' Further chemical experiments will, it is to be hoped, speedily abrogate those trifling defects in an article the beauty and usefulness of which it is impossible to deny."

—It is suggested that the reddish-yellow light of candles and lamps trying to healthy eyes as well as weak ones, can be pleasantly modified by the use of blue chimneys or globes, or at least of shades for the reflection of the light, colored a light ultramarine blue. A remarkably near approach to a light as agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp with a round wick and a light blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a draught that the petroleum burns with a nearly pure white flame.

DOMESTIC.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MARKETING

BY MRS. E. W. DENISON.

There are a few hints respecting the selection of articles in market, particularly meats, fish and poultry, which may be of service to some of our readers.

In purchasing *beef* take notice of the *color* If well fed the lean will be a bright red, flecked with spots of clear, white fat, and the *suet* firm and white. If the fat is *yellow*, don't buy the meat, you may be sure it *is* stale, and no plausible assurance from the butcher to the contrary should be accepted.

Ox beef is the best Heifer beef is lighter colored, the fat white and bones smaller, but the meat is not as sweet or as juicy and not so economical

Veal should be fat, fine grained, firm and white. If too large it will be tough, unpalatable and unhealthy

In selecting *mutton* seek small bones, short legs, plump, fine grained meat, and be sure that the lean is *dark colored*, not light colored and bright red like beef The fat should be white and clear. When in what is generally understood as prime condition, it is too fat for common mortals' "daily food" and not at all economical and to perfectly satisfy an epicure it must be kept till too *tender* for an uncultivated taste

Lamb should be small, light red and fat If not too warm weather, it ought to be kept a few days before cooking It is stringy and indigestible if cooked too soon after killing Neither lamb nor veal *should* be taken from spit or oven till the gravy that drops from it while cooking is white

Great care must be taken in selecting *pork* If ill-fed or diseased, no meat is more injurious to the health The lean must be finely grained, and both fat and lean very white The rind should be smooth and cool to the touch. If clammy be sure the pork is stale, and reject it If the fat is full of small kernels, it is indicative of disease

The *skin of fowls* and *turkeys* ought to be white and of fine grain See that the breast is broad and full fleshed Examine if the legs are smooth toes supple, and easily broken, when bent back If these signs are not found, the poultry is too old or stale. The same rules apply equally to geese or ducks When the feet are red and hard, the skin coarse and full of hairs all poultry may be pronounced too old for comfort

When found necessary to keep meat or poultry longer than was expected, sprinkle pepper either black or red, over it It can be washed off easily when ready for cooking Powdered charcoal is recommended to prevent meat from tainting, and some assert that "when fowls have been kept so long as to turn *greenish* they can be made as sweet and fresh as ever by sprinkling with powdered charcoal an hour before cooking It may be that the charcoal can make meat or fowl sweet again, but after taint has gone so far as to discolor it, we do not believe it can ever be brought back to a healthy state, and certainly should not advise the experiment A greenish tinge is a sure indication of decay, but this charcoal, either in lump or powdered, will correct as well as prevent this change, is doubtless true. In hot weather it is always advisable to keep a jar of charcoal in the store closet, ready for use if needed.

SANDY, THE HUNCHBACK.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

Robert Allison The son of "the laird," whose handsome abode was just in sight from the door, of Sandy's pwelling, and William Burton were inseparable; when the one was at the Manse, the other was sure to be ranging through the wild park which extended for some distance around "The Towers." Every morning Robert rode into Glenburn on his little white pony, to recite his lessons at the Manse, and at those times Sandy generally contrived to be invisible, for many was the taunt and cruel, thoughtless gibe which Robert had aimed at his pitiable misfortune. Once he had almost ridden him down, and then laughed as Sandy shook his crutch threateningly after him, and in all his jokes and witticisms he was ably seconded by his friend and crony, Will Burton.

The boys were not naturally bad; they were only thoughtless and cruel in their strength and prosperity, —unable to understand that the boy, so unlike them in every respect, had feelings keener and far more easily wounded than were theirs. Is it any wonder that the feeling which Sandy entertained for them closely bordered on hate, and that sometimes, as he sat at his work brooding over his wrongs, a longing for revenge rose in his breast?

One day in the early summer, Sandy sat at his work as usual, whistling one of the many old ballads which his mother had taught him. when all at once a clatter of horse's feet made him look up, and presently Robert Allison reined in his horse in front of the door.

"Well, Sandy," he said at length, as Sandy took no notice of his approach.

"Weel, sir."

"Canna' you say anything to-day, Sandy?"

"Hoo can I when I hae naething to say?" was the dry retort

Robert laughed "Ye're no' in a blithe humor to-day, my lad. Now, I'm as gay as a laverock. The minister's gone to the town, and we've a whole holiday—Will and me; though he, poor fellow, has a cold, and his mither winna' let him go out with me."

Sandy made no reply. He was suspicious of all advances on the part of his tormentors, so took refuge in silence. Robert smiled mischievously.

"It's surly, my lad, no' to say a word to a friend."

Sandy looked up keenly. "There are some o' my fr'en's, as ye ca' them, that I'm no' just weel acquainted wi' yet."

"Well, Sandy, I'm off for the moor; it's bonnie there to-day."

Then, suddenly stooping, he switched Sandy's basket of mosses off the stone on which he had placed it, with his riding-whip, and rode off, laughing heartily at the abusive epithets which Sandy hurled after him.

SANDY RESCUES ROBERT.

"Noo I'll ha'e just to gang efter more," sighed Sandy ruefully, as he examined his scattered treasures. "The bonnie red cups are a' broken, an' the baskets maun be ready by the morn's morn. The ne'er do weel!" and he looked scowlingly down the road.

"Mither!" he called in at the door, "I've to gang to the moor again."

"Eh, laddie! what for?"

Sandy pointed to his broken moss, and gave a short but graphic account of the occurrence, adding, with a frown.

"The day's no' dune yet. I'll mebbe gar him rue his wark yet."

"Sandy, Sandy!" said his mother earnestly, "gin ye wer' to turn ye han' to do ill, my he'rt wad be clean brakkit. Ye're a' I ha'e got, an' ye maunna' gie me grat sauter tears than I ha'e already."

Sandy gazed at the ground for a minute, and then looking up with a sudden bright smile, he said, quaintly:

"Weel, mither, ye're just ane o' the angels frae heaven, an' ye've stoppit the mouth o' the roarin' lion."

Then, taking his cap, he started down the road which Robert Allison had taken, stopping at the turn to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door-way looking fondly after him.

Sandy was unusually successful that afternoon in finding the dried gray moss with its fairy-like cups of red, which he was seeking, and so occupied was he that the shadows were beginning to darken around him before he started for home.

The moor stretched out for miles around him, and the little foot-path amongst the heather was almost hidden. However, he pressed on, and was nearing the cart track which led to Glenburn, when he thought he heard a shout, and then the barking of a dog.

He stopped and listened intently. Before him swept away the long reach of heather; to his left, at some distance, was a "peat-moss," and from this the sound appeared to come. As Sandy listened, the cry was repeated

"It's ane o' the bogles auld Janet tells o', or else some puir body's no' sae weel aff as he wad like to be," he muttered. "Weel, I maun gang an' see aboot it." And, setting his basket carefully down, went in the direction of the sound.

He had not gone far when a dog sprang quickly up from the heather, and began to fawn on him with eager caresses. It was a little Scotch terrier, and Sandy immediately recognized it as the property of Robert Allison.

"Eh, puir doggie, what ha'e ye to tell me?" he said, stooping to pat the animal's head. "Sae it was ye I heard, was it?"

The dog wagged its tail, and ran on a little way, always stopping to see if Sandy was following.

"Eh, sae we're to gang at the gate, are we?" he said coolly, following the dog's leadership.

Presently he stopped.

"Ye'll gar us fa' into the peat-moss, if ye gang ony further, my lad," he said, addressing the dog, which had come back to his side.

A low, whining bark was the reply.

Sandy reflected a minute. "Noo, my lad, ye be still a bit." Then, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a long, shrill whistle.

He was answered by a call which sounded quite near by.

"Wha are ye, an' hoo cam' ye there?" shouted Sandy.

"Robert Allison," said the voice, weakly.

Sandy, carefully picking his steps, contrived to come in sight of his old enemy, who, he now saw, had fallen into one of the holes in the peat-moss and was unable to extricate himself.

Robert's countenance fell as he caught sight of Sandy, who leaning both arms on his crutch, stood quietly looking at him.

"Sandy, I canna' get oot," he said presently.

"I could ha'e tauld ye that, Maister Robert," was the cool retort.

Tears of vexation started to the boy's eyes.

"Eh, man," he exclaimed, falling naturally into the common dialect, "dinna' stand there glowerin' at me. Canna' ye help me oot?"

"An' why s'ul I help ye oot? I'm nae sae mikle obleeged to ye for onything ye ha'e d.ne, that I s'uld risk my din neck to serve ye."

"Weel, then, I maun just stay here," was the sullen reply. "I'm tired wi' strugglin', an' I canna' get oot—so good-night to ye."

This dogged courage pleased Sandy, who chuckled a little.

"Na, Maister Robert, I didna' say I wad na' help ye. Hoo did ye fa' in?"

"I saw a bonnie birdin fly in here, an' I thought mebbe I wad find its nest, and I forgot about the holes, and so I fell in."

"Ay, an' noo hoo are ye to get oot again? Eh, doggie, winna' ye be still, an' lat me think?" said Sandy, pushing the little terrier gently away.

It was a dreary place. All around were the holes, like great open graves, from which the peat had been dug; many of them half full of water as black as ink. The dim, weird light made it seem doubly lonely and terrible. Every here and there were tufts of coarse grass, which afforded a footing, insecure enough, but still the only way of crossing the moss with safety. Sandy stood on one of these, musing over the situation.

obert began to get impatient. The hole into which he had fallen was luckily less full of water than were many of the others; but it was deep, and the sides were slimy to the touch and altogether unable to afford a foothold; so his efforts to free himself had only brought him fatigue of body and vexation of spirit.

"Sandy, man," he exclaimed, "canna' ye lean on the turfs an' gi'e me yer hand?"

"Weel, I'm nae ower gude at leapin'. I ha'e na' practeeced it much, ye see," retorted Sandy, grimly.

Robert's face flushed hotly, and he prudently said nothing further.

By and by, Sandy began to advance slowly and cautiously, feeling the ground with his crutch before venturing on it. By this means he proceeded safely till within a few feet of Robert Allison, who watched his progress with eager interest.

"Noo, Maister Robert," he said, pausing, "I ha'e ane word to say to ye. I ha'e often wished for the chance to do ye an ill turn, an' meebe I nae ha'e dune it noo gin it had na' been for my mither. An' I just want ye to reflect that ye micht ha'e staid where ye are the haill nicht, if Sandy had had an ill min' as weel as an ill skin."

Robert hung his head. "Sandy, I'm sorry," he said presently.

"Weel, there's naething mair to be said. Tak' a grip o' my stick an' I'll try to pull ye oot."

Robert was heavy, and the strain on Sandy's back hurt him cruelly; but still he persevered, and after some time he had the satisfaction of seeing the other on firm ground again.

"Eh, Maister Robert, sic a plight as ye're in!" and Sandy looked at him in unfeigned dismay. The black mud had clung to his garments, and even besmirched his face.

"Noo be carefu' hoo ye walk," he said, leading the way back to the road.

Robert would have liked to offer thanks, but did not dare to do it, so followed on silently. When they had nearly reached the cart track, Sandy stopped.

"I canna' gang ca', Maister Robert," he said faintly: then a sudden pallor overspread his face, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Robert uttered a cry of alarm, and, springing forward, tried anxiously to raise him; but he was forced to give up the attempt, and sitting down beside him, he resolved to wait, in hopes of some one coming. His dog lay down at his side, howling mournfully from one to other.

The minutes passed like hour , and still Sandy lay unconscious. Robert was almost giving way to despair, when he heard the creaking of wheels, and to his great joy a cart soon came in sight. The two men who were in it both jumped out when they saw the melancholy little group by the roadside.

"Aye, but this is ill new for his puir mither," said one, compassionately, as they lifted the boy tenderly into the cart.

"Noo, Maister Robert, get in wi' yer doggie, an' we'll take ye hame."

Sandy's little basket of moss was still where he had left it, and Robert, with a sudden rush of bitter recollections, took it up carefully, and climbed into the cart.

"Noo," said one of the men, as he stopped before the kirk, "ye maun run on, Maister Robert, an' tell the lad's mither, an' we'll come slowly after ye."

"Oh, I canna'!" said Robert, huskily.

"Maister Robert, ye maun just do it; we've all to do things we dinna' like, whiles."

And Robert, with downcast eyes and wildly-beating heart, started on his mission. The mother made no outcry; her face grew a shade paler, that was all.

"Is he deid, laddie?" she asked, as Robert finished his rather incoherent account.

"No, no," said the boy, eagerly; and then the cart stopped at the door, and Sandy was carried in and laid on the bed.

"There 's a great London doctor up at 'The Towers,' seeing my mother. I'll fetch him."

And Robert dashed out of the house and up the street, not pausing even to notice his crony, Will Burton, who called after him to know what was the matter.

He soon returned with the doctor, who remained a very long time in the little inner room where Sandy was lying.

By and by, Sandy's mother came out, and Robert caught her dress as she passed, not seeing him in the dusky gloom.

"Will he die?" he asked.

"Na, na, laddie; he'll no' die," she answered, gently; "an' the doctor say he'll mebbe be able to do something for the lad's back yet,—he'll no' be like ither folk, but he'll mebbe walk wi'oot his crutch."

And Robert, dropping his face in his hands, burst into sudden tears.

"Eh, laddie, ye maunna' greet; ye'll ha'e both gotten a lesson the day ye'll no' forget," she said, tenderly. Then, with true delicacy, she left him to himself.

Sandy opened his eyes, when she again bent over him.

"Weel, mither," he said, faintly.

"Weel, Sandy."

"What was it ye read aboot the crooked things bein' made straight? Mebbe I'm ane of the crooked things that He'll be makin' straight up there."

"Aye, Sandy, my lamb; but no' yet. Ye're to stay wi' yer puir auld mither noo," she answered, fondly.

He smiled contentedly.

"Weel, mither, I could na' stay wi' onyane better, except the Ane that's above us a'."

The next few weeks were calm and peaceful ones. Sandy was soon able to sit up, and under the new treatment prescribed by the doctor, grew rapidly better. He soon began to work at his baskets again, and his new friend Robert was never so happy as when scouring the country in search of curious mosses wherewith to fill them. And when Will Burton ventured a remonstrance, he was told plainly that only by kindness and courtesy to the poor cripple could he retain the liking of his former constant companion; and he, always accustomed to be led by the bolder spirit, consented now to let it lead him in the paths of kindness and humanity.

Robert's devotion was not a mere impulse; he became more and more attached to his humble friend; and for years after the happy day when the invalid was able to go about again in the pleasant sunshine, there were no firmer friends in the little village of Glenburn than Robert Allison, the laird's son, and Sandy, the hunchback.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE SORROWING MOTHER

In the Indiana Penitentiary, I was told of a man who had come there under an assumed name. His mother heard where he was. She was too poor to ride there, and so she walked. Upon her arrival at the prison she at first did not recognize her son in his prison suit and short hair; but when she did see who it was, that mother threw her arms about that boy and said: "I am to blame for this; if I had only taught you to obey God and keep the Sunday you would not have been here." How many mothers, if they were honest, could attribute the ruination of their children to their early training. God has said if we don't teach them those blessed commandments He will destroy us, and the law of God never changes. It does not only apply to those callous men who make no profession of religion, but to those who stand high in the Church if they make the mistake.—*Selected.*

To scold is the impulse of undisciplined human nature, in which both men and women share. It shows weakness of character, as well as infirmity of will, and is almost always a complete demonstration of a feeble mind. A strong, well-balanced, cheerful, sunny make-up, mental and physical, has not to descend to vituperation and offensive talking.

The Family Circle.

ON THE STAIRS

BY J NEWTON

Sewing an over and over seam
Sitting upon the stairs,
Yellow curls and apron white
Rosy lips, puckered up tight,
Such a frown she wears.

Such a long over and over seam
Such a weary way,
Such little fingers and kinky thread,
So many shakings of wise little head
That aches to go to play

Seventeen stairs, so seventeen pins
Mark off the seam with care
For every step she has measured a space
And when her needle reaches the place
Down she slides one stair

So she sews on, to please Mamma,
Nor stops for anything.
The cat goes to sleep in the entry-way
Waiting for Bessie to come and play
Canary ceases to sing

The long seam done, the last stair reached,
Needle and thimble and thread
Drop from the tired little fingers, at last
Slumber closes the eyelids fast
Down droops the weary head

Mamma, asleep in the room above
Soundly naps, until
She suddenly wakes to wonder where
The child has gone she left on the stair -
The house is quite too still

Looking over the bannister
She sees—what do you guess?
The kitten rolled up in a little ball
And both asleep on the floor of the hall -
Pussy and tired little Bess

N Y Independent.

THE BOY THAT HAD THREE HANDS.

BY MRS A H W JARVITH

Claude King was a pretty little boy If you met him in the street and looked in his face, or saw him for a little time at his own home, I am sure you would have thought him a beautiful boy and never dreamed of his great affliction He had bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a pleasant smiling face but then, poor boy! he had three hands

I suppose you would have noticed only his right and left hand, with the usual thumb and four fingers on each that would have been useful to play ball pick up chips, bring water and a hundred things, if it had not been for that other little hand that kept them from doing anything properly His father called it "Claude's little behind hand" Now I don't mean that he really had a little hand growing out between his shoulders under his coat that kept pulling back his two other willing hands, but that he was such a slow boy, not lazy but a little behind time "a little behind-hand" When his mother said, 'Claude, wash your face now ten will be ready in five minutes" he would answer pleasantly, Yes, ma'am in a minute," but it was sure to be ten minutes before he was ready to eat and if his mother said ten, that little behind-hand would hold him back fifteen It made him late at meals at school at church, and everywhere till at last the boys nicknamed him "Behind-hand Claude"

His parents tried every way to cure him "You are five minutes late at breakfast, Claude" said his father one morning, "and four of us have waited five minutes each Do you know the table of fives?"

Claude began, "Five times one are five," and so on till "five times four are twenty"

"Very well my son, you can sit by the stove and wait twenty minutes" Claude would rather have waited an hour than hurried one minute and when his time was up it took him five minutes more to get to the table

"I wish you could do something for my poor boy's behind-hand," said his father to Claude's teacher "I have tried in vain, and I am in despair He can't seem to think or understand that he is doing himself or any one else any harm by always being behind time

Claude was not only late at school, but late at his recitations, late getting in his seat after classes late in at recess always late His teacher said one day, "You have hindered each of us in the room at least five minutes today and five times thirty are one hundred and fifty minutes, or two and a half hours School closes at three to day, so the boys can go to the fair, but you will have to stay with me till half-past five" It was quite a trial to Claude not to go to the fair, but he was not any more punctual the next day.

He said he did not like that little behind-hand of his, it was always getting him in trouble, and he tried hard to be rid of it, but in vain did his father promise him money, toys, books, and rides if he would be on time, "Time is worth more than money, his father said "I don't think, my son, you would go to my purse and take out a few pennies every day You say that would be stealing, but every one of my minutes is worth more to me than a penny, and yet you rob me of many every day. You steal my time, my boy, and you are a thief. If you took my money, you might pay it back again, but you cannot give me back my stolen time

Then Claude would sob and cry and promise, and for a day or two they would have hopes of him, and then he would be as bad as before.

"Hurry, Claude, come in as quick as ever you can," called old Chloe from the window one day.

"In a minute," said Claude, and kept on at his play in the grass Before his minute, which was really a out five, was up, there came a perfect deluge of rain, and Claude's clean linen suit was dripping wet "I wish it had washed off yer little behin'-hand," said old Chloe, while she was putting on his dry clothes. He had been dressed to take a ride, but when the time came, and the sun shone out bright after the quick shower, it found Claude with his old clothes on and unfit to go.

"Is your name Claude King?" asked a man one day, stopping at their front gate

"Yes, sir."

"Then go straight to your father's office, and tell him to meet Mr. Jones at the depot the next train east That will give me time to tell Mr Donnell. Now hurry, my boy, and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

"Yes, sir, in a minute," said Claude. He fastened the sail to his boat, rolled up the tail of his kite, and wound the ball of string, put them away, and hunted his hat and loop to roll as he went along, so that as he stood in his father's office door, telling him his errand, the train stood at the depot, and one man on the platform was saying to another in the car, "I sent word to Mr. King to be here, and he had agreed to meet us if he wanted the wheat. He hasn't come, so you may take it on to Boston."

Mr King did want the wheat, and as much as a hundred dollars was lost to him that time because of Claude's little behind-hand.

But it brought a still greater trouble to all the family. "I must go down town, said Mrs. King, one morning, to Claude. "Chloe's daughter is sick, and she has gone to stay all day I shall have to leave you in charge of the house and Annie." Claude was now eleven years old, and Annie but little over two. Two other children between him and Annie had died, and so she was the especial pet and pride of the house "You will take good care of Annie, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, mother.

Don't let her climb up the cistern curb and look down, will you That is a new trick of hers"

"No, indeed, mother

After several charges to Claude, his mother kissed Annie good-bye, and went away, leaving the children in the wood-shed, where Claude was whittling a little boat that he was going to sail on a tub of water by and by Claude loved his sister dearly, and at first he answered her questions, but getting interested in his work he began to sing and whistle. Annie got hungry, and asked for cake, Claude answered, "In a minute that's a good girl, and after asking several times, and getting only that answer, she went to the pantry, and came back with her little hands full of oyster-crackers

After eating a few she said, Please, Claude, get Annie drink o' water."

Yes, in a minute." Two or three times she asked, and got only the same reply, with a little addition of impatience. "Yes—yes—in a minute, if you will stop your teasing."

Poor little Annie was very thirsty, and she knew there was a bucket of water inside the curb around the cistern in the kitchen, for she had seen her mother draw it and put it in the ice to keep it cool. She pushed up a chair, climbed up, and leaned over to dip out her cupful O Claude, he heard her cry from the shed, and answered, In a minute," but was still whittling on his boat when his mother came a little after.

"Where's Annie?" she asked.

"Oh, somewhere," answered Claude. "let me think, where did she say she was going to? and then he remembered the water and the dangerous cistern, and dropping his boat and knife, started up.

But his mother was already in the kitchen There by the cistern stood the chair with a few broken crackers in it. Looking down, she saw the tin cup floating on the water, and a part of the dress of her little Annie.

I cannot tell you of the grief in the family, or of Claude's great sorrow and remorse. For many days he could neither eat nor sleep; all the time he seemed to hear his little sister's voice calling him, and his mother's white, tearful face was a constant reproach

But he no longer had three hands, his little behind-hand was gone forever, and he never answered, "In a minute" again —*S S Times.*

CHURCH SLEEPERS

Do wake up, brother, said a minister in an undertone, to a sleepy preacher in the pulpit behind him

"Well, do preach something interesting, then," was the wide-awake reply

The minister who advised his drowsy parishioner to carry a little spice, or something of that kind to church to put in his mouth when he found himself unable to keep awake, received in return a very sensible suggestion as to the propriety of putting the spice into the sermon. There is no doubt but weariness and the bad air of unventilated rooms is largely responsible for the drowsiness of many persons who, if not fit for pillars in the church, make very sound sleepers. But it is nevertheless true that in many instances the quickest way to wake up a congregation would be to wake up the preacher. Good old Bishop Aylmer one day looking upon his drowsy flock, commenced and read them a chapter from the Hebrew Bible, to which of course they listened with open mouthed astonishment, only to be reproved by the good man for sleeping when he was preaching what they could understand and waking up when he was reading something they could not.

It has been very sensibly remarked that the best remedy for an inattentive audience is to give them something to attend to. It is not sufficient to make a great noise, for the miller sleeps while the mill is grinding, and wakes when it stops. There are other things which banish sleep more effectually than mere clamor. There must be something to think of, spoken by some one who has thought of the matter himself. Who ever became sleepy in the midst of animated and interested personal conversation? When the play of thought stimulates the intellect, when eye flashes out upon eye, and heart answereth to heart, there is little danger of slumber stealing over the eyes. Hungry children do not grow sleepy when supper is announced. Sheep are open-eyed when food is placed before them.

It has been said the best way to heat a church is to have a stove in the pulpit. Certainly if a man of God be impressed with his message, and if he comes before the people in the vigor of his spiritual, and mental, and physical powers, there will be little likelihood of most persons slumbering and sleeping beneath the earnest thoughts and pungent testimonies that he brings, or the precious truths that he unfolds. People do not sleep when engaged in mutual conversation, questioning and answering each other, but when a person sits down simply to hear another talk, or to be talked to, it is not strange that slumber enwraps his faculties.

The man who rightly divides the word of truth, and especially he who adapts it to the wants of his hearers, will in the course of his preaching, not only present the gospel of God, but will also by it discern the very "thoughts and intents of the heart," so that those who hear him will in reality be listening to the transcript of their own inward thoughts, and thus will be interested parties, whose thoughts and acts are involved in the matters brought before them But if a man, forgetful of the spiritual wants of those around him, and ignorant of the mental conditions which exist on every hand, simply gives himself up to uttering and rehearsing his own thoughts and opinions, the stale platitudes which he has evolved from his own mind, is it wonderful that the hearer seems patently receptive, and longing for one grain of wheat amid the mighty mass of chaff, should finally drop into slumber and pass the hours unheeded by? If, on the other hand, God's word is exalted, and man's word is left in the background, there will be a living power and energy attending the divine message, which will effectually arouse the soul, and open the eyes of those who have interest in the things of God.

Would that there were more who, with steadfast faith and fervent zeal, and glowing hearts, and lips that have been touched with heavenly fire would speak the words of truth and soberness, and cry in the ears of the careless and the indifferent "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" - *The Christian.*

TO HUSBANDS.

Perhaps you have never guessed it, but, if she is not it is your fault, your wife is a social and intellectual being She was so when you married her If you have been growing away from her, and she has been standing still, the more shame to you To buy her dresses and bonnets and give a house and a good table does not equip her She wants intellectual food and stimulus; and you are the one to provide it While you are among men discussing business, politics, religion or what not, she is with the housemaid discussing crockery, or with the cook discussing beefsteak, or with the children playing the part of nurse-maid. When you come home at night tired, do you not suppose she is tired too? Bring something with you that your market-basket cannot contain Bring the news of the day; bring the latest, freshest thought In buying your evening paper, or subscribing to your monthly magazine, or renewing your religious weekly, get what suits her needs and meets her tastes. There is more in that patient, quiet, silent wife of yours than you think for. You have frozen her up by your contempt for womanhood, for treating your wife as a toy to be pleased only with dresses and to be fed only on gossip is the worst kind of contempt. If she does not feel it so, it is only because she has degenerated that she may fit the place you have prepared for her.

Above all, bring her love. Your life is in many things; in your store; your customers; your clients, your politics Her life is in her household. Her home is her realm; her children are her subjects; her husband is her king; her ambition is satisfied with their love and their praise. You are cruel if you deny it to her. Grumble over the muddy coffee and the burnt steak if you like; she can bear that if you will only commend the coffee when it is clear and the steak when it is juicy. "Her husband praiseth her," says Solomon in his description of the excellent woman; doubtful if she would have been so excellent if he had not praised her. Praise is comely. A little praise judiciously used is sunshine in a darkened home and oil on complaining machinery How often have you come home, and she waiting for your coming has gone to greet you, and you, absorbed in business you ought to have left behind you, have given her a kiss with as much life in it as there is in last summer's rose.

Our subject is fruitful. It is well-nigh inexhaustible. But our homily is already so long that we fear that "some husbands" will not read it through. It is all summed up by Paul in one sentence: "Husbands, love your wives." You are never tired of quoting Paul's injunction, "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." Suppose you drop that text for a year and go on three verses, to Paul's injunction to yourself.—*Christian Union.*

THE ANCIENT POPULATION OF PERU.

When and whence Peru was peopled it seems idle even to conjecture. For all historical purposes the various peoples were, so far as we know, true *autochthones*, "sprung from the soil." If it be assumed that they had a common origin with the rest of the human family, the separation took place at a period far anterior to their earliest legends, and there is no evidence that they ever had any knowledge of other people beyond the ocean which shut them in on one side, and the impassable mountains which hemmed them in on the other. It is clear that within semi-historic times they were divided into different tribes or races, differing from each other somewhat as the Latins differed from the Gauls or the Normans from the Saxons, and that there were long wars and feuds between these tribes, especially those on the coast, which were terminated by the gradual Inca conquest, beginning approximately in the fourteenth century, and concluding with the subjugation of Quito in almost the year when Columbus first sighted the shores of the New World.

We may, in a general way, divide these tribes into two classes, the dwellers on the coast and the dwellers in the mountains. On the coast the climate was warm, but greatly tempered by the near snowy mountains. Storms were unfrequent, and the inhabitants had little need to protect themselves against the weather, so that their dwellings were so frailly constructed as to have long since perished, except in the towns, which took the character of fortresses. The most striking object in nature was the great ocean dashing upon the rocky shores. In it they saw the representation of the Supreme Power, and Viracocha, the god of the sea, became their chief divinity, presiding over a pantheon represented by sea-monsters and birds of prey.

In the mountains the climate was cold, with heavy rains in the winter. The dwellings, even of the common people, were massively built, with thick walls of solid stone or rubble work, and steep thatched roofs to shed off the rain The sun was the beneficial being who alone made life endurable on the lofty plains, and rendered it delightful in the low-lying valleys He was their chief, perhaps we may say their sole, deity. He was the sole owner of the soil, which he alone rendered useful: and his children, the Incas, are his landlords, reserving a third for his worship, a third for the maintenance of their own imperial state, and granting a third to the people of life tenure. No one could be absolutely poor, for every son of the soil had an indefeasible right to a portion sufficient for his frugal maintenance. None save the Inca and those of his

blood could be rich, for there was nothing to represent accumulated wealth. The flocks of llamas were the property of the Inca; his was the gold and silver slowly gathered generation by generation So far as we can now judge, the Incas were benignant conquerors. They carried their own arts into the regions which fell under them, and brought back with them those of the conquered peoples It is often hard to say how much belongs to one and how much to the other, though there are, especially in their architecture, certain unmistakable distinctions, such as the great pyramidal structures and intricate labyrinthine buildings on the coast, and the massy stone fortifications, temples and palaces in the interior.—*A. H. Guernsey, in Harper's Magazine.*

UNWISE DOUBTING.

He is not doubting wisely, who loves doubting better than believing. Yet have I known more than a few who gave me the inevitable impression that this was their case. I have known those who were eager to read all that clever men could write against Christianity, against Theism even, and yet who would not get the books which equally competent men—often, indeed, more competent—wrote in reply. The last advertisement I noticed of "Supernatural Religion" announced the sixth edition, so that it has had a large sale. I wonder how many who eagerly welcomed it have been as earnest to buy and read the masterly replies by Canon Lightfoot and others? An acute and clever young fellow of twenty once asked me to lend him such and such a book, naming one I may be excused for not mentioning, which was written to undermine the foundations of Christianity. The book could not be read without almost certain injury to any one who was not prepared, by previous culture, to see where its subtle errors began. I told him as much, and, having enquired about his previous reading, asked him if he thought it wise, at his age to begin his reading on such subjects with a course of cleverly-urged sceptical objections, which, to him, must inevitably look more than plausible, whatever they might seem to me. He got the book elsewhere, however, and gradually, by such exclusive reading, built himself up into an accomplished unbeliever. Did he, think you, practise wise, or most unwise, doubting? I have read of men in days gone by, who, knowing that they would certainly be subjected to the action of subtle poison, took the precaution beforehand of dosing themselves with the proper antidote. But for persons unprepared to cope (without danger to themselves) with ingenious and often seemingly unanswerable objections to the contents of the New Testament, and to do this without any call of duty, and quite wantonly and lightly, is it a healthy sign, and one we should like to see in son or daughter?

There is too much reason to fear that in some cases a very poor kind of pride—though what form of pride is not poor?—may, albeit unconsciously, be at the bottom of a good deal of freely-indulged doubt and denial. There is such a thing as intellectual scorn, and just as the vulgar rich may toss the head in disdain of social "inferiors," "the common people," so certain minds may choose to be superior to believing things held by people who can form no conception of the scientific or philosophic altitudes where they sit as princes of the world of thought. Shall they believe anything in common with the Philistine crowd of church-and-chapel goers? This, indeed, may be the extreme and virulent form of the disease but the same devitalizing malady in its elementary stage has touched not a few. Many a young man thinks it a fine thing to intimate his emancipation from "all that the nurse and all the priest hath taught," and foolishly fancies himself, too, a thinker when he says, "I think with So-and-so." I have seen not a little of this paltry kind of unbelief, and wish, with all the earnestness I can, to warn young men especially against one of the most mischievous forms of falsehood that I know. Yes, deliberately do I write that word falsehood for is not this state of mind an utterly false one? Can there be "truth in the inward parts" when a lurking wish is allowed, and even indulged, to disbelieve what others believe, for the sake of seeming superiority, and being able to plume one's self on one's cleverness? The conceit which comes so easy to us all, and which in young men has not yet had time to be scourged out of them by the providential discipline of life, lies at the bottom of not a little of the scepticism I have met with. And in such cases, I do not know of any argument whatever that will convince the sceptic of the truth that he thinks it so fine to refuse and argue against. It is not an intellectual remedy, applied from without, that he needs. In his present mood he is not convincible. If Truth herself in all her majesty could be presented before him, he would pride himself on his sagacity in detecting at a glance that she was a cheat. It is a moral and spiritual cure that such a one needs. He is blind, and unhappily fancies that he sees.—*Rev. H. H. Dobney, in Christian World.*

MARY BURROWS

CHAPTER I

"Now, I declare, John, it's really too bad, there's your wet things thrown over my nice clean fender. You don't seem to care a bit for all my work to keep your home nice!"

John frowned, and hastily gathering up his wet garments, hung them out in the passage.

"Mary," he said, "you seem to care more for the house than me, a great deal. It's nothing but grumble about this thing, or that, when I come home tired of an evening. But it's always the same now," he continued, with a sigh.

John Burrows was a good-tempered, steady fellow, and a good workman. Since his marriage, some two years previous, he had, by refusing to join his fellow-workmen of an evening in their visits to public-houses, saved sufficient to make his home as comfortable as his means would allow. But his wife's constant grumbling bade fair to mar it all. She was, as too many young wives are, over nice; they think almost more about the cleanly look of the house than their husband's comfort. For some time John paid little heed, thinking it would wear off in time. But as weeks went by, and it was still the same, he began to weary of her constant display of temper, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, a change came over his once free and happy spirit.

But to return to our tale. After changing his clothes, John drew his chair in to the nice little supper prepared for him by Mary's skilful hands; and as the warmth began to circulate through his nearly numbed limbs, he forgot the hasty words which had given such offence, and chatted away as merrily as usual.

"Mary, lass," he said, at length, "would you like a day out? You trouble yourself too much over the bits of chattels: say, wouldn't you like a little change?"

"I don't know, John, I'm sure," replied Mary, in rather testy tones, "and as to worrying over the house, surely, John, you'd be the last to wish an untidy home."

John saw the rising storm, so only answered.

"Well, well, as you like, but I do wish you wouldn't worry so of an evening, when I come home tired and wet."

Mary colored slightly and said nothing. Too well she knew her husband's laborious work, and the distance he had to walk home, often through wind and rain. So as neither seemed anxious to renew the conversation, it was dropped, and no reference was made to it afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

The next day, on going to work, John found his things damp and cold, and shivered slightly. Mary had fully intended the previous night to put them to dry, but had been called out rather late in the evening, and on her return John had gone to bed, and the house being dark she had forgotten them. The thought of his working all day in damp clothes troubled her deeply, and as she went about her work, a secret uneasiness seemed to haunt her which she in vain tried to shake off. At last she sat down and covered her face in her hands. What, she thought to herself, if he should catch cold! and she shuddered as she thought of the numberless consequences which arise from that root of all evils—a bad cold. And then if he were to die,—the thought seemed madness, and yet it forced itself on her mind until she fairly burst into tears. Of what avail would her care for the house be then, if an over regard had caused her to neglect her husband, whom, in spite of her faults, she loved dearly?

She had sat thus for some time, when her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor. A glance was sufficient to show that she was not over troubled with tidy habits. Her dress, all loose and untidy, was draggling behind her, while her hair, rough and uncombed, was kept back by a bonnet, which looked more as if thrown on than put on.

She was the gossip of the village, and her presence boded no good to any one.

"How now, neighbor?" she said advancing towards Mary. "Why! what's the matter? Been crying, too, as I live!"

Now, if there was any one in the village Mary disliked it was Mrs. Perkins, she generally avoided her, and paid little heed to what she said, knowing that its truth was doubtful. But on this particular afternoon, feeling so dull and lonely, she was rather pleased.

By degrees Mrs. Perkins elicited from her the cause of her trouble, and, then, in a sympathizing tone, assured her she thought she had acted quite right.

"I'm sure," she continued, "I set your house up as a pattern to all the villagers, and it's too bad, as soon as he comes home, to have it all put in disorder. And as to catching cold, why, he ought to have known better than to put his clothes out there," she added, pointing to the passage. "It'll just serve him right if he does, I think"

This and much more pernicious advice did Mrs. Perkins instil into Mary's mind. and when at last she took her leave Mary thought herself less deeply to blame than before.

CHAPTER III.

When John came home that evening, instead of his usual warm greeting to his wife, he threw himself moodily into a chair, and flung his tools beside him on the floor. Mary glanced at his flushed face, and a feeling of uneasiness crept over her He couldn't be ill, she thought; but perhaps (and the thought made her tremble) he'd been drinking.

As he continued sitting thus, and taking no heed of the tea which stood waiting for him, she said, hastily.

"What ails you, John, that you come home in this disagreeable mood? Has anything upset you?"

John made no answer, but continued to gaze into the fire. His thoughts were hard at work. What was the use of all his labor and toil, if, when he came home, he found no comfort. At last he hastily ate his supper, and without a word to his wife, took his candle and went to bed. His wife sat as one stupefied. He had never acted so before, and she began to think herself almost as deeply to blame as she accused her husband of being.

Presently the clock struck ten, and folding up her work, she prepared to retire to rest. She thought she heard a groan; she listened, no, she must be mistaken. Presently another sound, though louder than the previous one, met her ear. She hastily ascended the stairs leading to the bedroom, and gently pushing open the door, went in.

There, to her horror and amazement, lay her husband tossing to and fro, sometimes calling for her, at other bidding her go dry his things

"John," she said, softly, but no answer came, excepting a low groan.

She went down stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl and went out; soon, however, returning with an elderly gentleman, whom she conducted upstairs. He glanced at his patient, and after careful examination, told Mary that "delirium had set in."

"But what is the matter with him?" said Mary, hurriedly and anxiously.

"I can't tell, to-night," said the doctor, gravely. "He has all the symptoms of rheumatic fever"

Mary covered her face in her hands and burst into tears.

The doctor approached her, and said, gently, "My good young woman, tears are useless. I must trust him to your good nursing; meanwhile, look to God for that help and comfort which He alone can give."

"It's all my fault," she moaned, "all my fault."

"All things are ordained of God," said the doctor, gravely; "and whatever betide, be sure He knows all, and it's His will." Then taking his leave, he bade her follow well the instructions he gave.

The next day dawned slowly. When the doctor came down from his patient, Mary waited eagerly to hear his decision. She saw at once, by his grave countenance, that all was not as she wished.

"It is as I feared," he said. "Rheumatic fever has set in; and should we, by God's help, get him through it, he will suffer with his heart Good morning"

Mary sank down, and on her knees implored that Heaven would be merciful, all she could say was "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner" Of the weeks of anxious watching which followed, I need say nothing, suffice it that John at last slowly recovered. But he was never again like his former self, and, as the doctor had predicted, he suffered acutely with heart disease

Mary never forgot the terrible lesson she received, and ever after, instead of the house, God's will came first, husband second, and house duties last. That they were always happy together, is all I will say, and I wish it may prove a warning and blessing to all who read this tale.—*British Workwoman.*

A SERVANT GIRL'S WORK.

I believe it was John Wesley who, when told that his congregation consisted largely of servant girls, replied that he was glad of it, as they had the care of children, and if the servant girls were converted they would train the children in the fear of the Lord.

A most notable illustration of this truth is found in a case of one of England's most honored noblemen. A half century or more ago his mother had a servant maid and housekeeper, named Mary Milas. She had the care of this child, and trained him up until he was seven years of age, when she died. But the seed which she had sown was not lost. She had set an indelible mark upon the tender mind of the young nobleman, and her example, precepts and prayers, remembered by him, fixed and formed his character for good at that early age. To-day that little child is known and honored throughout England, by every class from the beggar to the prince, and his name is graven upon the hearts of the poor throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Let those who deem their position lowly and their work obscure, take courage and be faithful, and if at any time their hearts despond or repine, let the name of Lord Shaftesbury, with all the nobility of his consecrated and generous life, encourage them to toil on, as Mary Milas did, assured that God shall give the increase, and that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.—*League Journal.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

VII.

1. The man whose name is first mentioned in connection with a victory over the Amalekites.
2. A prince of Midian slain by the Ephraimites.
3. The father of John.
4. The captain of Absalom's host.
5. The only weapon used at the siege of Jericho.
6. A prophetess who foretold the evil that should come upon the kingdom of Judah
7. The country to which the murderers of Sennacherib fled.
8. A king who was deprived of his dominion until he would acknowledge that all earthly power was the work of God.

The *initials* and *finals* of the foregoing names (or words) form the names of a father and son the *initials* give us the son, who was sent to warn David of Absalom's intentions. The *finals*, the father, one of the priests in the reign of David

VIII

1. A servant of God, who followed Him fully.
2. Another servant of God, who feared the Lord greatly.
3. The woman to whom Jesus first appeared after his resurrection.
4. A woman who is said to have been righteous before God.
5. The birth place of the father of the faithful.
6. A city where Jesus raised one from the dead.
7. A city in the wilderness, built by King Solomon.
8. A place from which gold was brought to King Solomon.
9. A prophet who lived in the reign of King Ahaz.
10. A prophet who lived in the reign of King Ahab.

The *initials* form a gracious invitation of the Lord Jesus.

THE CHEAPNESS OF GOOD THINGS.—The problem of cheapness is thus discussed in *Scribner's* for January, by Professor Carroll. Though the observations are calculated for the longitude of New York City, they will probably be found reliable for other localities. "I have scolded about Broadway prices," says the pedagogue, "and ransacked side streets and down-town lanes and corners for cheap tailors, restaurants, apothecaries, grocers, or what not, but always with much the same result. The gain in price was generally slight, the loss in quality, style, finish, durability, and so on, both constant and perceptible. When I occasionally found an article in some by-corner which could fairly be called a bargain, I found I had spent in fussing about it enough time and energy to earn the whole price several times over—even at the very limited money value which my time bears to me." (glancing at a pile of manuscript on his writing-desk). "People don't sufficiently consider in this matter," he went on, "how great is the value of mere insurance at orded by high-class, and therefore high-priced, establishments. If I can find, as practically I often can, a butcher who gives me the best of meat nineteen days out of twenty, it is worth a heavy percentage more to me to deal steadily with him at any prices within reason, than to try to bring down my expense account by buying of his cheaper and less responsible rivals, who give me a good article to-day, and then disappoint me to-morrow."

—If we pray one way and live another way which will God answer? Since actions speak louder than words, He will answer our actions, and if we go on in a life of worldliness, showing by our behavior that this world is our chief portion, and with more anxiety about our temporal welfare than our spiritual and eternal the lack of harmony between those two things will spoil all good results of our supplication.

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

1 Cor. 15: 58.

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XI

MARCH 11.]

THE CHARIOT OF ELISHA. [About 896 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings ii. 1-25. RECITE vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.—2 Kings ii. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Spirit is given to those who ask.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—2 Kings ii. 14-25. T.—2 Kings xviii. 11-21. W.—Num. xx. 24-30. Th.—Isa. xl. 1-8. F.—Josh. vi. 17-27. Sa.—Ex. xv. 22-27. S.—Hosea xiii. 1-14.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elijah returned to Jericho and healed its fountains. [Some suppose the events in this and the preceding lesson are, for obvious reasons, recorded out of the order in which they occurred, and that Elijah's translation took place after the beginning of the reign of Jehoram of Judah, which was in the fifth year of the reign of Jehoram, king of Israel. In that case the date at the head of these lessons should be 891 B. C.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—In this lesson three successive miracles and the "sons of the prophets" unite in testifying that Elisha had received the spirit of Elijah and had become his successor.

NOTES.—*Elijah*, son of Shaphat, lived at Abel-meholah, a farmer, called by Elijah appointed his successor, by a translation to heaven, healed the waters at Jericho, increased the widow's oil, raised the Shunamite's son, healed the poisoned pottage, cured Naaman, made iron swim, smote an army with blindness, prophesied from 50 to 60 years, his bones revived a dead man. *Bears*, she-bears robbed of their young, are particularly ferocious. see 2 Sam. xvii. 8. Bears are still common in Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ELISHA SUCCEEDS ELIJAH. (II.) SEARCH FOR ELIJAH. (III.) THE WATERS HEALED. (IV.) THE MOCKERS PUNISHED.

I. ELISHA SUCCEEDS ELIJAH. (13.) TOOK UP THE MANTLE OF JORDAN, "flip of Jordan." *Heb.* (14.) WHERE IS THE LORD, ETC., "Where is the Lord God of Elijah even he? and when he had," etc.—*Lange.* (15.) TO VIEW AT JERICHO, "which were at Jericho, opposite," see v. 7. SAW HIM, work the miracle, i. e. IT IS THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH DOTH REST, Elisha has succeeded Elijah as leader of the prophets, HOWED THEMSELVES, to acknowledge him as their future leader.

1. QUESTIONS.—Whither did Elisha go after Elijah's translation? What did he take with him? How did he use it at the Jordan? What did he say as he smote the waters? What did he mean by that? What happened to the waters? How did the sons of the prophets greet him? How show their respect for him?

II. SEARCH FOR ELIJAH. (16.) FIFTY STRONG MEN, fifty "sons of strength" (*Heb.*), perhaps those spoken of in v. 7; LEST PERADVENTURE, for fear that it may be, SPIRIT HATH TAKEN, so Obadiah feared, 1 Kings xviii. 12; SOME MOUNTAIN OR VALLEY, rather, but having died as Moses, they would bury his body, or they hoped to find him alive. (17.) ASHAMED, to refuse them any longer.

II. QUESTIONS.—What request did the sons make of Elisha? Why did they wish to search for Elijah? How did they gain Elisha's permission? How long did they search, and with what result?

III. THE WATERS HEALED. (19.) MEN OF THE CITY, perhaps some of the friends of the prophets, SITUATION, PLEASANT, Jericho was on a broad plain shaded by groves of palm trees, mulberries, and sweet-smelling shrubs (*Speaker's Com.*), WATER NAUGHT—that is bad, perhaps from the curse upon the city, GROUND BARREN, apt to miscarry (*Speaker's Com.*)—that is fail of crops. (20.) CRUSE "dish," perhaps a small bowl. (21.) SPRING OF THE WATERS, called "Elisha's fountain" and *Ain Es-Sultan*. Is about two miles from the ruins of Jericho. HE CAST THE SALT IN, so Moses used the tree at Marah. Ex. xv. 25. (22.) HEALED, made the waters wholesome.

III. QUESTIONS.—Describe the situation of Jericho and character of the water. What the men expected? What did Elisha call for? How use the salt? Does salt of itself usually make water better for our use? Whose power did he say healed the waters? How effective was the cure?

IV. THE MOCKERS PUNISHED. (23.) BY THE WAY, that is, by the usual road. LITTLE CHILDREN, or "little boys, possibly "youth," but the word "little" shows that they were not "grown-up persons." GO UP, THOU BALD HEAD, that is "Ascend to heaven as Elijah" (*Krummacher*), or "Go up into the city" (*Lange*). (24.) CURSED THEM, pronounced a curse on them. TARE, to rend, to tear in pieces. OF THEM, there were more than forty-two in the crowd. (25.) TO MOUNT CARMEL, probably for some religious meeting or service. see ch. iv. 23.

IV. QUESTIONS.—To what place did Elisha go after healing the waters? Who met him? In what spirit? How did they mock him? How did he rebuke them? What speedily followed? What lesson was this intended to teach? To whom? Whither did he again journey? Probably for what purpose? State any lessons taught by these facts.

ILLUSTRATION.—Elisha's fountain bursts forth at the eastern foot of a high double mound, or group of mounds looking as if composed of rubbish and about a mile in front of the mountain. It is a large and beautiful fountain of sweet and pleasant water. . . . It seems once to have been surrounded by a sort of reservoir, or semicircular enclosure of hewn stones, but this is now mostly broken away and gone. The little brook serves to water sunny fields.—*Robinson.*

LESSON XII

MARCH 25.]

[About 975-891 B. C.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.—Ps. lxxv. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The righteous received, the wicked rejected.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—2 Chron. xxv. 14-24. T.—Deut. ix. 14-28. W.—Mat. vi. 24-34. Th.—Josh. xxiv. 19-28. F.—James i. 7-20. Sa.—Acts i. 1-11. S.—Ps. lxxv.

PLANS FOR REVIEW.—One good plan for looking back at (reviewing) the past eleven lessons would be to study (I.) THE WICKED KINGS, (2.) THE RIGHTEOUS PROPHETS. Another good plan would be to make this period of the history centre about the life of Elijah, noticing the rise of idolatry in Israel and his lifework in rebuking and destroying it. A third plan, which may be followed with profit, is to study (I.) A PEOPLE GROWING MORE WICKED, (II.) A FAITHFUL WITNESS, (III.) THE FAITHFUL REWARDED.

To recall and fix the facts clearly in the mind, study—

THE HISTORY.—In what year B. C. was the kingdom divided? Write the names of the first eight kings of Israel in their order. Which of the eight reigned the longest? Give the length of reigns of the first and eighth king? Who reigned the shortest? Give the length of his reign. How many of the eight kings were slain? Which of them died natural deaths? Which one slew himself? Who tried to become king of "Israel," and was prevented by Omri? What prophets lived in King Jeroboam's days? In King Baasha's? In Ahab's reign? What city was rebuilt in Ahab's days? Name the king of Israel after Ahab. The second after Ahab. His relation to the first. The two great prophets of their time. How one of the went to heaven. What blessing the other received at the translation.

THE PLACES.—State the capital of Israel before the division. The capital of Judah after it. Of "Israel" after the division. The next capital after Shechem. Where was it finally located? Who built Samaria? Where was Ahab's "summer residence"? [Jezreel.] Where was Elijah's home? Describe Gilead. Syria. State four mountains named in the lessons. Locate Mt. Ephraim. Horeb. Carmel. Name three streams spoken of in the lessons. Describe the Jordan. The Kishon. Name the two largest cities mentioned in the lessons.

A WICKED PEOPLE.—State the great sin of Jeroboam. Of the people in his day. How are Omri's sins described? 1 Kings xvi. 25. Who was still more wicked? Of what new sins was Ahab guilty? Give the Central Truth of Lesson III.

A FAITHFUL WITNESS.—Who was raised up to witness against these sins? What was his first message to Ahab? 1 Kings xvii. 1. How was Elijah cared for? How a poor widow? Where? When did Elijah again meet Ahab? How long after the first message? How had Elijah been sought for? 1 Kings xviii. 10. State Elijah's charge against Ahab. 1 Kings xviii. 18. His demand as to Baal priests. Describe briefly the trial at Carmel. Why made? The effect on the people? On Jezebel? Whither did Elijah flee? How was he encouraged? His idea of the number of God's faithful ones corrected? Whither was he sent? On what errands? Why Naboth was slain? How?

THE FAITHFUL REWARDED.—Describe the last journey of Elijah. What schools did he visit? State his repeated requests of Elisha. Why did he ask Elisha to "tarry"? State the answers of Elisha? The final request of Elisha. How answered by Elijah? How fulfilled? What miracles of Elisha are mentioned? What does this history teach us as to wicked men growing better or worse? How does this warn us to avoid the first sin? What fact in it shows that God rewards his servants, and that he punishes the wicked? Recite the Central Truth of this review.

To which class do you belong?

How may you know whether you belong to the first?

TWO SOLEMN QUESTIONS

Just ask yourselves this question, "On what am I resting for safety in the prospect of that day, when the Lord shall shake things to their very foundation?" If there be a mixture of anything with the work of the Lord Jesus—if there be a looking to any other atonement to make your peace with God, but the "precious blood" of Jesus, you are standing on a hollow foundation which will not bear you.

But if, on the other hand, you can, as before the Lord, answer that question satisfactorily—if you can say, "The Lord knows there is not anything which affords peace to my wounded conscience, but the cleansing blood of Jesus;" then ask yourselves another question. "Is my testimony clear and distinct before the world: Am I evidenced amongst men as a servant of the Lord? Does the world understand me?" For, you may depend upon it, the world is very sharp in its discernment and marks the inconsistencies of God's people. Though it wallows in sin, it can see sin as a blot upon the character of a professor. We ask, What testimony do you bear before the world? We live in trying times, and it behoves those who would honestly manifest to the world around them that they are the servants of God, to live very near to the Lord.—*Selected.*

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

Nearly forty years ago, a small and feeble church in northern New England, soon after settling a young pastor, became noted in the vicinity for its largely increased, and as compared with those of other churches, its liberal contributions to objects of benevolence, and especially to the cause of foreign missions. Other pastors looked on with surprise, and more than one enquired of the young minister how it came about. "What do you do among your people?" they asked. "How do you get them to give so much?" His reply was to this effect: "I do not know that I do anything very special. I try to set an example of liberal giving myself, according to my ability. I do what I can at the Monthly Concert." (At that time very nearly all the Congregational churches, in that region at least, observed the Concert.) "I always welcome good agents to my pulpit. I employ solicitors to go among the people and obtain subscriptions. I seldom preach a specifically missionary sermon, but my preaching generally bears upon the missionary work. I do not know how to preach the gospel, which is for the world, without often presenting the duty of Christ's disciples to be followers of him in labor and in sacrifice for the world's salvation. I do not know how to lead the devotions of a Christian assembly without praying for benighted nations, and for increased consecration to and more faithful effort in the work which Christ has committed to his people, in carrying forward his designs of mercy."

It is a most important question,—Is there among ministers, is there in the church at large, enough of prayer in full recognition of the fact that the church is, instrumentally, to enlighten and to Christianize the whole human family. Is there not room for improvement in this respect during the year 1877? If we have not silver and gold to give, can we not at least give sympathizing, loving, earnest intercession at the throne of grace?—*Missionary Herald.*

BE COURTEOUS.—There are a thousand little courtesies and salutations and compliments of life, but it would be well if there were still more of them. Bluntness does not mean honesty, and a recognition of whatever is good in men does not mean insincerity. It would be promotive of happiness if every time men descended in the morning they would look for that which is comely and praiseworthy, and single it out, and tell it to their wives. Oh, if men would only court after they are married as they do before, what joy there would be. What praise there would be distributed in the community. But the faults of men are generally first thought, of, and are condemned. There are a multitude of little imperfect, irregular things in human conduct; and a man says, "I am not one of those who go around and flatter folks. I tell them what I think of them, if they have faults I hit them strong." But it is not necessary to be hard and repellant and unsympathetic in order to be honest. There is good as well as evil in men, and it is surely as worthy of recognition.—*Christian Union.*

CREDIT MADE EASY.—One of the plagues of the times is what we might call *credit made easy*. To use an Old Testament figure, credit is sweet as honey in the mouth, but it is very bitter in the belly. There are such ingenious and seductive ways of getting one to invest on time. Nothing seems to cost anything at the supreme but fatal moment. The unwritten book, which is too choice to be published in any other way than by subscription, is urged upon you because it costs "only half a dollar a number." The grocer's wagon comes to your door so promptly every morning, and you get things so easily by merely ordering them, and your wants are so often suggested before you know you had them, that you often wonder at the great conveniences of modern trade, only you do not think of the astounding score that will come at the end of the month. Every community now swarms with venders of some sort who have hit upon this happy and illusive notion of credit.—*New York Evangelist.*

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2 COR. 5, 10.

EPPS'S COCOA.—Some time since, in a series of articles in these columns upon food, we spoke in terms of unqualified praise of Messrs. Epps & Co.'s "Prepared Cocoa." The opinion we then expressed as to its purity and nutritious qualities has been fully endorsed by the public, as shown in its increased and steadily increasing consumption. We believe that Messrs. Epps's manufactories are now the largest of the kind in the three kingdoms, and the total quantity of "Prepared Cocoa" consumed at the present time approaches four millions of pounds annually. This result is not surprising. The dietetic properties of native cocoa are well-known, but in the form prepared by Messrs. Epps, Homœopathic Chemists, they are rendered additionally valuable, both on account of their increased nutritive power and digestible character. We rejoice to see the high opinion we originally held to have been so generally confirmed, and we again congratulate Messrs. Epps on the sound and valuable addition they have made to our not over lengthy list of dietetic foods.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VERY MUCH ATTENTION has been directed to the subject of weather predictions by Mr. Vennor's Almanac, and in answer to his request in it, he has received letters from all sections of the country containing much valuable information which it would have been almost impossible to have obtained in any other manner. The Almanac is still selling rapidly. The price is 20 cents a copy. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

AMERICA NEEDS a Protestant paper in the French language, and to supply that need, L'ACADIEN was established. It is a live paper, and is conducted on the same principles as other WITNESS publications. During the past two months, its success has been very encouraging and satisfactory. It is the size of the MESSENGER, and published weekly. The price is $1 per year, for which it is mailed, post free, to any address in America. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

ON THE WHOLE, the number not only sustains the reputation of the MONTHLY, but gives evidence of fresh and successful effort on the part of the editors. This periodical is now, we believe, the oldest magazine in the Dominion, having outlived the epidemics which have proved fatal to so many other literary ventures.—Montreal GAZETTE in reference to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for February.

THE BROCKVILLE "MONITOR," after bewailing the death of so many magazines in Canada, says: "Under these circumstances, we are always glad to see the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY make its appearance, to give tangible proof that a monthly periodical can exist in Canada, when sustained by some at least of the requisite *desiderata* of such ventures. Its publishers, Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, have their own excellent printing establishment at their back; and therefore, produce their monthly at the lowest possible cost, and that is one secret of its success. It is very well printed, too, sold at the very moderate price of $1.50 per annum, and supplies a large amount of pleasant, healthy gossipy reading for the family circle, all which constitute the secrets of its success. A little more discriminating care in the editing of this meritorious periodical would add greatly to its value, and make it more acceptable than it is now to readers of a higher intellectual culture than it caters for at present. The English magazines do not circulate at all as largely as they used to do in Canada some years ago, that is in proportion to the increase of population, and if the NEW DOMINION were to copy an article or two from these magazines on important current topics, which largely interest the popular mind, it would certainly be a step in the right direction. But even as it stands at present, it is well worthy of support, and we heartily recommend it to the attention of those who would introduce cheap and healthy literature into their families. The January number contains several interesting papers, and those who desire to be at once instructed and amused, should provide themselves with a copy of it."

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY contains an illustrated article on the "Capital of Canada," with pictures of "The Chaudiere Falls as they once were," "Chaudiere Falls in Winter," "Ridean Falls," "Suspension Bridge," "The Parliamentary Library," "Lover's Walk," "Chaudiere Falls in Summer," "A View of the Parliament Buildings," &c. The number contains many other interesting articles, the "Home" and "Young Folks" departments being specially interesting. The price of single copies of this magazine is 15 cents; the price per year, $1 50. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE FOLLOWING ARE the opinions expressed by some of our correspondents with regard to DRESS and HEALTH.

Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., well-known as the author of various pamphlets and essays on the laws which govern population and similar subjects, says: "If my views on Laws of Population are correct, this Dress Reform must come up, be studied and practised. Your work is calculated to do great good. I am glad it is selling so well."

A lady in Bristol, Conn., writes: "I wish every young lady in the land could have a copy, and heed the advice it contains, then we might hope the next generation would be healthfully, comfortably, and prettily dressed."

A lady, who dates her letter from a town in New Brunswick, in ordering a number of copies, says: "I intend them for our Church Bazaar, where they will be to hand, at cost price, for those who, in my opinion, very much need them. I regret not having had their teaching earlier in my life."

A lady in Brooklyn writes: "I sincerely hope its sale will meet with success. It is a book which every lady should be proud to possess." Price, 30 cents. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

ONCE IN TEN YEARS, the eagle loses his plumage, and during this period much debilitated, he sits quietly on some rocky bluff until his feathers are sufficiently grown to enable him to cleave the air again. Man, like the eagle, has six periods of weakness—some say as he approaches the ages of twenty, forty, sixty, &c., while others place it earlier; but, owing to his artificial mode of living, he cannot, like the eagle, submit his case solely to nature for successful treatment, and it generally requires great care to enable the subject to pass safely through the critical periods. Pellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, by its great tonic and health-renewing properties, will restore tone more quickly than any other preparation known, it being the surest remedy for all debilitating maladies.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are, when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2 50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11 50; 100 copies, $22. 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

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